

(Continued from First page.)
near? None but the deaf, or blind, or mad

And so it was still open to the road. Hard by stood the miller's dwelling, partaking of many of the tones and colors of the mill; although below the crest of the height, it yet commanded fully the glorious view that made Wavingdean Down a place of note in the neighborhood. It is even yet a pretty spot; thirty years ago, when old Amos Gower owned the mill, it was prettier still, for then railroads were only just beginning to scar the green slopes of the Flockshire downs, and to tunnel through their chalky depths. Many a village among the hills, since disfigured by modern brick and stucco; many a cluster of houses on the coast, since grown into a prosperous and fashionable watering-place, then retained as marked a rusticity as if they had been a couple of hundred, instead of only fifty miles from London.

Conspicuous upon the seaboard was Wavingdean Down, with its solitary old wind-mill and miller's cottage, and though it attracted occasional visitors from the neighboring little port and primitive health-resort of Crewhaven, the enjoyment of the view was left in these days pretty much to Amos Gower and his family.

Amos Gower himself? Well! he had inherited the property of the mill from several generations; had married the daughter of a well-to-do French skipper plying between a Normandy port and Crewhaven; had received a trifling "dot" with her, enough to make a pretty addition to his simple earnings. When, after but a few years of wedded life, he found himself left a widower, with two little girls, one an infant, and the other between four and five years-old, he thought of little beyond their welfare. Untaught himself, he desired to give his children an education, the advantage of which he had seen in his wife; so the eldest had been sent to Paris, not to a fashionable school but to some homely, distant connections of her mother. She had returned to the quiet old life upon the downs about a year, when the sorrow of which we have had a hint befel the Gower household. Full of her foreign experience, she had come like a being from another world upon the prosaic existence of her father and sister. The latter had emerged into budding womanhood since Naomi had been away, and listened eagerly to all the stories and events her sister had to relate. Jeanette was wild with the desire to taste for herself these pleasures and wonders, and when her request that she too might be sent for a while to Paris was refused by the kind old man, on account of a change in the family where

Naomi had lived, she rebelled. The fiery spirit of the French blood she inherited felt itself aggrieved, and altogether, for the last few months, things had not been as happy as they might have been at the old windmill upon the downs.

(To be continued.)

ONLY A LINE.

Young beginners in wrong-doing never look at the end—as they might a thousand times in the example of others' ruin whose first step downward was the very one they are taking. The despair which inevitably closes the unchecked career of those who throw their talents and promise of their youth away has seldom been more affectingly presented than we find it in the following little life sketch:

Less than three months ago a wreck of a man staggered into the office of a weekly paper in eastern Michigan and asked, for money to buy whiskey. Strangely enough the publisher was an old school-mate. They were apprentices in the same town. They worked side by side as finished compositors. One had sobriety and thrift—the other had a good heart and an open hand. Twenty years made the one rich and influential—the other a drunkard who often slept in the gutter. The one had made use of what God had given him, but the other had deliberately made himself a wreck.

The meeting called up a host of recollections, and the contrast between their situations was so great that the old drunkard was sobered as he realized it. He was offered work, but he had become too broken. The stick and the rule were no longer for him. He was offered a temporary home, but he looked at his rags and felt his shame for the first time in months. When money was handed to him he waved it back and said,—

"I shall not want it. I ask, in the name of olden days and as a fellow-craftsman, one little favor."

"When you know that I am dead then turn a rule for me and give me a single line."

The promise was made and the old wreck floated out again on the current of life, borne here and there, and feeling that death was to be the end. Yesterday a copy of the weekly reached *The Free Press* with proof that the editor had fulfilled his promise. He had turned a rule for the poor wreck, and had given him a line:

"Died, September 27, 1882, George White."

That was all, but in that line was such a sermon as no man on earth could deliver. For every word there was a year of woe and degradation. For every letter there were tears and heartaches and promises and failures.—*Detroit Free Press.*

If you see a young man swiftly speeding down a dark street with a parlor chair caressing the bosom of his pants, don't be surprised. His girl's little brother knows the possibilities of shoemaker's wax, that's all.

LIME! LIME!

I have just received
150 CASKS & BARRELS
CELEBRATED
ROGER'S LIME.

This Lime has won
Two First Prizes,
And is second to none in the Dominion.
FOR SALE LOW BY
R. PRAT.

GARDEN SEEDS!

The Subscriber has
received his Stock of
Garden and Flower
Seeds for season of
1884.

Geo. V. Rand.
Wolfville, May 1st. 1884.

W. & A. Railway Time Table

1883—Winter Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 10th. Dec.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.F.S.	Exp. Daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	
Annapolis Leave		6 15	1 15
14 Bridgetown "		7 10	2 03
28 Middleton "		8 10	2 48
42 Aylesford "		9 15	3 30
47 Berwick "		9 35	3 48
50 Waterville "		9 50	3 57
59 Kentville d'pt	6 00	11 15	4 35
64 Port Williams "	6 20	11 35	4 51
65 Wolfville "	6 30	11 44	5 00
69 Grand Pre "	6 43	11 57	5 11
72 Avonport "	6 55	12 10	5 23
77 Hantsport "	7 12	12 30	5 38
84 Windsor "	8 00	1 20	6 00
116 Windsor June "	10 15	4 00	7 29
130 Halifax arrive "	11 00	4 40	8 00

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F.	Accm. daily.
	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 15	7 00	2 30
14 Windsor Jun—"	7 55	7 22	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15	10 15	5 33
53 Hantsport "	9 40	10 44	6 01
58 Avonport "	9 56	11 02	6 19
61 Grand Pre "	10 06	11 15	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 17	11 30	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 25	11 40	6 55
71 Kentville "	11 00	12 30	7 10
80 Waterville "	11 27	1 05	
83 Berwick "	11 36	1 20	
88 Aylesford "	11 50	1 40	
102 Middleton "	12 30	2 50	
116 Bridgetown "	1 15	3 50	
130 Annapolis Ar've	2 00	4 45	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Mon. Wed. and Sat. p. m.
Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.
Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,
General Manager.
Kentville, 9th March 1884

THOS. BIRD, WATCHMAKER, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Wolfville and vicinity that he has leased part of the store occupied by Rockwell & Co., where he is prepared to repair all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. And trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a share of public patronage.

I warrant all my work for one year

Thos. Bird.

J. WESTON. MERCHANT TAILOR, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

CARRIAGES

—AND—

SLEIGHS

of all kinds

Made At Shortest Notice

—AT—

A. B. ROODS.

Repairing in all its branches

promptly attended to.

Wolfville, Oct. 12 1883

"GERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE,

Three sizes

Ground Bone.

The best Fertilizers in the market.

The above Celebrated Fertilizers, manufactured at the

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
JACK & BELL, Proprietors.

Office: Pickford & Back's Wharf,
Halifax, N. S.

C. H. Wallace, Ag't,
WOLFVILLE.

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J. B. DAVISON, Agent.

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Vol. II

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